Horatius 7.(2) K.

840. m 15
8

THE Sixteenth EPODE OF HORACE, IMITATED;

And Addreſſed to the People of ENGLAND.

—— Signa ego Punicis
Affixa delubris, et arma
Militibus ſine cæde,——
Direpta vidi: vidi ego civium
Retorta tergo brachia libero,
Portaſq; non clauſas, et arva
Marte coli populata noſtro.

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M DCC XXXIX.

The People of ENGLAND

And Addressed to the

IMITATED

HORACE

OF

SIXTEENTH EPODE

THE

THE

Sixteenth EPODE

OF

HORACE.

BRitons awake! and bravely make a Stand;
See (1) lawleſs Pow'r deſtroy your native Land:
Still, will ye bear the Inſolence of *Spain*?
Can Juſtice, Trade, and Freedom plead in vain!
Ev'n (2) your own Forces, 'gainſt yourſelves, conſpire,
And Party-Rage ſets half the Land on Fire.
Shall theſe maintain your Rights, or thoſe enſlave?
Your Sons ſhall bluſh to think how you behave.

Altera (1) *jam territur bellis civilibus ætas;*
Suis et (2) *ipſa Roma viribus ruit.*

Your

Your private Feuds, your publick Griefs, increaſe;
Some, a mad War would have, and ſome, a ſhameful Peace.
Thence, muſt you bear a ſtronger Weight of Woes,
Than your worſt En'mies ever cou'd impoſe.
Britons! reflect, if not quite void of Thought,
On the wiſe Battles your Forefathers fought.
Thoſe Sires of Liberty! the Sons of Fame!
The Pride, the Bulwark of the *Britiſh* Name!
Rulers on Land, and Maſters of the Sea,
Devoid of Fear, and, from Corruption, free.
How wou'd thoſe Heroes, on their Offspring, look!
No Wrong they did, and no Injuſtice took;
Bore no Inſult, no Priviledge would yield,
'Till mightier Force had won the well-fought Field.
Each Heart was conſcious of a Thouſand ſlain;
The neighb'ring (3) *Scots*, for Ages, bled in vain.
Iberia (4) ne'er cou'd win the doubtful Stake,
And *Ireland*'s baſe Rebellions (5) prov'd as weak.
Alike, in foreign and domeſtic War,
Glory purſu'd them; nor cou'd (6) treacherous *Mar*,
By Rebels follow'd, with Succeſs advance,
(7) And ſtill, as vain, was all the Pow'r of *France*.

Quam neque (3) *finitimi valuerunt perdere Marſi,*
Minacis aut (4) *Etruſca Porſenæ manus,*
Æmula nec Virtus (5) *Capuæ, nec Spartacus acer,*
Noviſque rebus infidelis (6) *Allobrox,*
Nec fera (7) *cærulea domuit Germania pube,*
Parentibuſque abominatus Annibal;

But

But what not all theſe Countries cou'd deſtroy,
Your glorious Liberties, your freeborn Joy,
You, *Britons*, you are lab'ring to attaint;
Yourſelves are ſtriving to ſubmit to *Spain*.
What can this mean! (7) we, we an impious Age,
Againſt ourſelves, employ our utmoſt Rage!
But ſtill proceed —— let our tyrannic Foe,
All Leagues, all Faith, all Commerce overthrow!
Still ſeize our Ships, confiſcate, hang, and draw
Our Countrymen, and to our Iſles give Law,
While we, a ſhameful, a degen'rate Race,
The Children of Corruption, proudly baſe,
The Spawn of Fear, and errant Slaves, conſpire
More to undo themſelves than even they deſire;
Yet, I foreſee, the Time will ſurely come,
When only Beaſts (8) ſhall find theſe Lands their own.
Your pleaſant Seats, your Palaces of Eaſe,
In Ruin toſt, ſhall Bears and Lions pleaſe.
The ſpacious Regions which the *Norman* gave,
Shall only then ſeem ſmall; nor ſhall ye ſave,
One ſingle Field, one Town, one Houſe, one Fane,
But All ſhall be a Waſte for Birds and Beaſts obſcene.
Alas! alas! (9) the cruel Victor's near;
Thunder the Heav'ns, Earth groans; a panic Fear,

(7) *Impia perdemus devoti ſanguinis ætas:*
Feriſque (8) *rurſus occupabitur ſolum.*
Barbarus, heu! (9) *cineres inſiſtet victor.*——

One Scourge, one Deſolation covers all;
The Rich, the Poor, the Mean, the Noble fall.
He ſpurns the Aſhes of our glorious Dead!
London no more exalts her tow'ring Head;
The fallen City (10) moans her wretched State;
So *Solyma*, of old, receiv'd the Stroke of Fate.
See the proud Steed;---and hear the Horſeman's Voice!--
The bloody Hoofs themſelves ſeem to rejoice.
Not holy Temples ſhall his Wrath reſtrain;
The very Tombs themſelves ſhall plead in vain.
For, with (11) high Inſolence, he'll drag to light
The Relicts of your Dead, (12) unhallow'd Sight!
And rudely ſcatter, to each Wind that blows,
The Aſhes of your Anceſtors, who often roſe,
At risk of Life, thoſe Bleſſings to maintain,
Which now you're going to reſign to *Spain!*
Great (13) *William*'s Bones their Fury ſhall explore,
And ev'n his Sepulchre be found no more.
Oh dreadful Prophecy! yet, true as fate,
If, ſtill, you linger to preſerve your State.
What's to be done, (14) (if all of you wou'd know,
Or the few Virtuous) to eſcape the Blow.

(10) ——— *urbem*
Equæs ſonante verberabit ungula;
Quæque carent ventis et ſolibus oſſa (12) *Quirini,*
(12) (*Nefas videri*) *diſſipabit* (11) *inſolens.*
Forte quid expediat, (14) *communiter, aut melior pars,*
——

If

If wiſely now, before you're quite forlorn,
You'd ſhun thoſe Ills, (15) too grievous to be borne.
Faith, I ſhall give the beſt (16) Advice I can;
Let's all depart (17) now, even to a Man.
Juſt (18) like the *Hugonots*, enſlav'd, oppreſt,
They fled from *France* to ſeek ſome Hav'n of Reſt.
Of Peace, Religion, Freedom, Trade, bereft,
Their (19) Fields, and Fanes, and Country-Gods they left.
So, let us act; where-e'er our Feet ſhall lead;
Straight let us go, of no worſe Times afraid.
Straight, let's embark, and truſt (20) the Wind and Tide;
Freedom our Search, and Providence our Guide.
Approve (21) you this? (22) is better Council known?
Elſe, why, ſo long, (23) defer we to be gone?
(24) But then let's ſwear, we'l firſt retract this Vote,
As ſoon as (25) as Rocks ſhall on the Waters float.

Malis (15) *carere quæritis laboribus.*
(16) *Nulla ſit hac potior ſententia.*——
(18)—— *Phocæorum*
Velut profugit execrata civitas,
Agros (19) *atque Lares patrios habitandaque fana*
Apris reliquit et rapacibus lupis)
Ire pedes (17) *quocunque ferent,*——
——(20) *quocunque per undas*
Notus vocabit, aut protervus Africus.
(21) *Sic placet?* (22) *an melius quis habet ſuadere? ſecunda*
Ratem occupare quid (23) *moramur alite?*
(24) *Sed juremus in hæc: ſimul* (25) *imis ſaxa renarint*
Vadis levata, ne redire ſit nefas:
Neu converſa domum pigeat dare lintea, quando
——

Homewards we'll ſteer, whene'er (26) the *Thames* ſhall lave,
On *Dover*'s arduous Cliffs, the higheſt Cave.
As ſoon as (27) *Brockly* juts into the Sea,
Or wond'rous Luft (28) makes opp'ſite Kinds agree;
The (29) cruel Tyger leap the tim'rous Doe;
Or, the mild Dove, the (30) rav'nous Hawk allow,----
The bleating Flocks, the Lyon, (31) fear, no more,
And (32) the changed Goat, for Water, leave the Shore!--
Let's ſwear, that then, (33) and not 'till then, again
Homewards we'll ſteer, and backward plow the Main;
Straight, let's depart. But let the (34) ſoft, and baſe,
The ſervile Progeny, the coward Race,
Still, ſtay behind, nor once diſpute the Prize.
While each Poſſeſſion's raviſh'd from their Eyes.
You Men (35) of Honour, who at all Times, ſtood
Firm, and reſolv'd to raiſe your Country's Good;
Who, nor to foreign, nor domeſtic Foes,
Wou'd yield our Rights, nor heighten public Woes,

Padus (26) *Matina laverit cacumina;*
In mare ſeu (27) *celſus procurrerit Apenninus,*
Novaque (28) *monſtra junxerit libidine*
Mirus amor, juvet ut (29) *tigres ſubſidere cervis,*
Adulteretur et columba (30) *milvo;*
Credula (31) *nec flavos timeant armenta leones;*
Ametque (32) *ſalſa levis hircus æquora.*
Hæc (33) *et quæ poterunt reditus abſcindere dulces,*
Eamus omnis execrata civitas,
Aut pars indocili melior grege:——
—— (34) *mollis et exſpes*
Inominata perprimat cubilia.
(35) *Vos quibus eſt virtus,——*

Who

Who thought, (the Heirs of everlaſting Fame)
No Toil too great, to gain the Patriot's Name,
You, you I chuſe----let all ſuch, ſtraight, (36) explore
New, happier Worlds beyond the *Britiſh* Shore.
Nor (37) yield one Sigh, nor caſt one Look behind,
Unleſs to mourn your Country----------
See, (38) the wide Ocean waits; with Search ſevere,
Sail to the Pole, or thro' the Tropic ſteer.
With Fortune to our Friend, ſecure, we'll land
On ſome fair Ground; on ſome propitious Strand, (39)
Where Plenty governs, where all Nature ſmiles,
Haſte, leave theſe Realms and ſeek (40) ſome happier Iſles,
Where (41) the rich Earth, a certain Harveſt, bears
For its own Maſter, and, no Stranger fears.
† The fruitful Vine, its gen'rous Juice affords,
Sure to be drank by no uſurping Lords,
In ſweet Retreats, (42) th' eternal Olive grows,
From Storms ſecure, and no Encroacher knows.
Where (43) Fruits and Flow'rs, the fertile Country, crown,
Where ev'ry Farmer calls his Own, his Own.

(37) ——*muliebrem tollite luctum,*
Eſtruſca (36) *præter et volate litera.*
(38) *Nos manet Oceanus circumvagus:*
(39)——*arva, beata*
Petamus, arva,——
——*divites et inſulas,*
Reddit (41) *ubi cererem tellus inarata quotannis,*
† *Et imputata floret uſque vinea;*
Germinat et (42) *nunquam fallentis termes olivæ,*
(43) *Suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem;*

Where ev'ry Merchant counts his proper Gain,
And Juſtice rules, and Right ne'er ſues in vain.
There, (44) Oak-Trees are of Uſe. From pleaſant Hills,
There, the ſoft-murmuring Water, flow, diſtils (45).
There the full Goats retire (46) unbidden, home,
And yield their Liquor. There no Monſters (47) roam
About the Field; no ſlaughter'd Lambs are found,
And (48) no one ven'mous Creature taints the ſacred Ground.
Nor too much Rain, (49) nor too much Sun appears,
But the whole Year, one pleaſing Temp'rance wears.
Once there arriv'd, diſſolv'd in Joy and Reſt,
(50) More, ſhall we praiſe thoſe Manſions of the Bleſt.
Thoſe Seats, at leaſt, the *Spaniard* will not claim;
Here, bold *Columbus* (51) ſurely, never came.
There, ſafe from Tyranny, our Hearts may boaſt
All our own Wealth, and fear (52) no *Guarda Coaſt*.
Of no proud Dons, or (53) Governor's complain,
And hear (54) no ſtrenuous Advocates for *Spain*.

(44) *Mella cava manant ex ilice*; (45) *montibus altis*
Levis crepante lympha deſilit pede.
Illic (46) *injuſſæ veniunt ad muletra capellæ,*
Refertque tenta grex amicus ubera;
(47) *Nec veſpertinus circumgemit urſus ovile,*
Nec (48) *intumeſcit alta viperis humus:*
Pluraque (50) *felices mirabimur; ut neque largis*
Aquoſus (49) *Eurus arva rudat imbribus,*
Pinguia nec ſiccis urantur ſemina glebis;
Utrumque rege temperante cælitum.
Non (51) *huc Argoo contendit remige pinus;*
Neque (52) *impudica Colchis intulit pedem:*
Non huc Sidonii (53) *torſerunt cornua nautæ.*
(54) *Laborioſa nec cohors Ulyſſei.*

Juſtice

Juſtice our Paſtor, Innocence ſhall keep
Perpetual (55) Watch, and guard the harmleſs Sheep.
Whene'er we navigate, no baneful Star (56)
Our Veſſels ſhall miſguide, nor lead too far;
But, richly laden, ſafe, they ſhall return;
Nor Ship, nor Crew, the leaſt of Loſſes mourn.
If theſe are Bleſſings which you all deſire,
Britons! enjoy them here, elſe, hence retire!
But, here, you will not.——Mark the Words of Fate;
Ev'n the laſt Sybil, thus did, ſurely, ſpeak.
" *Rome*, hapleſs *Rome*, from Glory turn your Eyes,
" See various Changes, wondrous Scenes ariſe,
" Fraud and Corruption rule thy Pow'rs, at laſt;
" Vain all thy Honours, vain thy Triumphs paſt.
" No former Deeds, thy inſtant Doom, ſhall ſave,
" For, the once-glorious *Rome*, is haſt'ning to its Grave.
" In Climes remote, a lovely Iſle there lies,
" There, all thy antient Fame and Virtue ſhall ariſe.
" Thro' long ſucceeding Years, its Praiſe be told,
" And *Britain* merit more, than e'er did *Rome* of old.
" Yet, even thoſe Honours ſhall not always laſt,
" Fraud and Injuſtice ſhall their Beams o'ercaſt.
" Corruption, ſpread thro' all the infected Ground,
" And few true Patriots, very few be found.

Nulla nocent (55) *pecori contagia:*——
(56) ——*nullius aſtri*
Gregem æſtuoſa torret impotentia.

Ere

" E're twice Nine Hundred Years have ran their Race,
" All Nations ſhall perceive their vaſt Diſgrace.
" Fools to meer Knaves, and Slaves to foreign Gold,
" Ev'n by themſelves, their Glories ſhall be ſold.
" Yet ſhall a few in public Acts engage,
" And ſtrive to ſtop the Torrent of the Age,
" But ſtrive in vain---then, if the Few ariſe,
" Thoſe Few, who, ſtill, their antient Credit prize,
" By *Jove* conducted o'er the rolling Main,
" Soon, ſhall thoſe Few (57) the happy Iſlands gain,
" As yet, unknown---for, when Man's earlieſt Crimes,
" Began to ſully the bright Golden Times,
" *Jove* (58) ſent a Brazen Age---This, ſtill too good,
" Straight came (59) the Iron, fraught with Wrongs and Blood."

Then, *Jove* declar'd, " Whoe'er for Virtue ſtrove,
" Or Merit ſerv'd, or wou'd their Country love,
" Thoſe happy Seats, ſhou'd find," bad them to chuſe,
And me to prophecy this ſecret News.

Jupiter illa (57) *piæ ſecrevit litora genti;*
Ut inquinavit (58) *ære tempus aureum:*
Ære, dehinc (59) *ferro duravit ſecula,——*
—— quorum
Piis ſecunda, vate (60) *me, datur fuga.*

FINIS.